

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 135.

FREE COMMERCIALISM VS. FREE COMMUNISM.

No. 8.

People of all temperaments are found in every movement. Not knowing Mr. Holmes' temperament I still hope to convert him. He has not as yet shown himself too obtuse to understand such principles as are involved in Commercial Anarchy. Understanding will be followed by conversion. Pride cannot stand in the way of real understanding. That Mr. Holmes has no hope of converting me may be due to his lack of confidence in the reasonableness of his own doctrines.

Mr. Holmes will kindly point out a little more clearly wherein consists the misapplication that I have made of the principle that men seek to gratify their desires with the least possible exertion.

Mr. Holmes asks how this subject should be treated if not logically. He says:

"If not logically, then the inference is plain that friend Brinkerhoff desires it to be treated illogically."

Does Mr. Holmes mean to say that illogical is the only alternative of logical? I plainly indicated what treatment I preferred, for I said in my Part 7, "The facts and principles should rather be taken up in their psychological order." Mr. Holmes has evidently mixed the meaning of this technical term. He may answer that he cannot be expected to know technical terms in other than his own field of study. But I did not expect him to know. It was for this reason that I sent him to the professor of history. If he had consulted any good teacher he could have had "psychological order" explained to him.

Mr. Holmes ought to know me well enough by this time to look carefully into anything that I say. He should have concluded at once that I was not advocating the employment of illogical statements, nor of illogical general treatment.

Our contention from the first has not been about the general treatment but the order of treatment. In what order shall the elements of the discussion be taken up? Mr. Holmes has advocated beginning with definitions and other generals. I have favored beginning with particulars. As I have said before, we are all children when it comes to studying so complex a subject as sociology. The logical order suits the master mind. The psychological order is adapted to the humble learner. The psychological order proceeds from the known to the unknown, from the near to the remote, from the seen to the unseen, from the concrete to the abstract, from observation to reasoning, from the particular to the general, from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the whole to its parts, from the incidental to the systematic, from facts to principles, from phenomena to laws, from knowledge to science, from induc-

tion to deduction, from analysis to synthesis, from the indefinite to the definite, from things to signs, from ideas to words, from knowledge to definitions. When I cautioned Mr. Holmes not to place too much reliance upon the logical order I recommended the psychological order as detailed in the above maxims. Definitions and generals come in due time, but are properly preceded by some things that may be classed under the general head of skirmishing. We should employ the methods of the good teacher, for Mr. Holmes is attempting to teach me and I am teaching him.

Now we see how far Mr. Holmes is off the track in the following paragraph quoted from his No. 5:

"He [Brinkerhoff] is unfortunate, however, in the choice of his reference to a schoolteacher teaching his pupils history. If we only wanted to treat our subject superficially we might stop at the first step, but as a student who wishes a thorough knowledge of history has to learn the basic principles and dig into the foundations, so we who are endeavoring to get at the motives of human conduct, and the root of a profound philosophy, must also dig into the foundations. If we fail to do so we shall make but little headway in this investigation."

But this has nothing to do with my position, as I have said nothing against digging into the foundations, but only objected to the policy of beginning that way.

Mr. Holmes says:

"Where is Mr. Brinkerhoff's house? It certainly must be in his mind."

Why, surely, it is in my mind. I was referring to my concept of Anarchist Individualism, as Mr. Holmes would have known if he had read between the lines. This concept is already built in my mind, and I want to take it to pieces and show Mr. Holmes the parts so that he can follow my analysis of my concept by a synthesis in his own mind which will eventually build for him a concept like mine. At present my work with him is analysis, later in the controversy I urge upon him the process of synthesis or building a house like mine. By the time I have reached the foundations of my house, and taught him all about them, he will have all the elements ready to proceed to build and my work with him will be done, as he can certainly make a good house (concept) after he has seen mine taken to pieces.

Strictly analysis and synthesis go together hand in hand as do induction and deduction, but invariably analysis and induction keep somewhat ahead and precede in each new subtopic taken up.

Mr. Holmes concludes his No. 5 by saying:

"[Holmes] want to treat the subject in a logical manner, while he wishes it considered in—well, some other way."

Mr. Holmes must at last be prepared to admit that it is the psychological order that I contend for.

In my next I will tell what I think of Mr. Holmes' definition and explanation.

EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

321 Sussex Street, Harrison, N. J.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

"Chains," by Nellie M. Jerauld, being published in DISCONTENT, is a very interesting story. But really the author should not have permitted Jane Archer to die, simply because Boyd, the revivalist preacher, whom she loved, deserted her.

The purpose of the story being to teach the true philosophy of love and marriage this escapade should have taught Jane greater liberality instead of breaking her heart and ending her life. The love for Boyd should have remained a pleasant memory while the love between her and her husband became deeper and more indulgent.

Our sex nature has imperative demands: Love is the desire, the longing, the seeking, the hope, the expression of and the effort to satisfy this demand.

Food is necessary for the support of the body. Hunger is the expression of that demand. The demand is within us, the supply is without, embracing the abundant and varied food products of the whole earth. Hunger does not demand any particular loaf of bread, but the demand is general for food.

Where is the supply for heart-hunger? The demand is within, springing from our sex nature. The supply necessarily embraces each and all of the opposite sex.

Love primarily may be selfish, based on sex desire and simply seeking the opposite sex in general, not any particular one. This is certainly true of animals.

In human beings reciprocal love is necessary, and to secure this we are prompted to make personal sacrifices, to try to please, to kindness, to helpfulness; to consider the wants and wishes of others as even superior to our own. It teaches that the shortest and surest way to secure our own happiness is to make others happy.

Thus it is that this selfish passion becomes the stepping stone to a higher and better life—to all that is good and true and beautiful. It is thus transfigured into an angel of light that we call love.

Passion is not limited in its seeking. It goes out to all of the opposite sex. Love is broader still, fixing itself in kindness and nobleness of character, that expresses itself toward all of both sexes.

Love has no stopping place. "If ye love those only who love you what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?" Because one we love passes out of our sight, or even fails to love us, should not destroy our love nor very materially lessen our happiness.

The desire for ownership and exclusive possession is the rudimental and selfish passion, not yet developed into love. Perfect love casteth out all fear, all selfishness, and all partiality. It never kills, but gives life, hope and happiness. Like the sun, it shines on all—the just and the unjust.

J. E. SARGENT.

FROM ONE OF THE DISCONTENTED.

III.

My itinerary was cut short so sudden like last week that I am afraid some of my readers got badly jolted. I am sorry and shall endeavor to prevent a recurrence, by punctuating differently. Now to resume. Annie and I decided to go to Home and locate there, so we quickly arranged our affairs in Portland, and by the last day of January were on our way thither. I wish I had power of pen to describe the beauty of the scenery we passed through, especially the dawn splendor of Mt. Hood as swathed in a mantle of bluish-gray clouds, like a giant refreshed with slumber, he seemed to stretch his mighty neck and lift his frosted head to catch the first kiss of his lover, the morning sun, that had traveled fast through the darkness of the night to joyously greet him again. And then Mt. Adams' silver-crowned top loomed up close at hand; and still further off in the dim haze could be seen the group called the "Three sisters." I am no dreamer, but an ordinary business man, who, in the pressure of life, passes much of natural beauty unnoticed, but I confess these handiworks of nature impressed me greatly, and I wondered why in daily, hourly life we fret so, forgetful that nature moves ever with stately and majestic step and that we are the supreme part of nature. But enough, friends, I cannot describe what I thought and felt any more than I can describe the scenery.

We arrived at Tacoma one evening and took the boat next day for Home. At last we felt we were getting near, really near, the place where we are supposed to see a new relation in life established and executed between individuals; a practical carrying out of that new philosophy, which every indication points to as the future condition of society, namely, Anarchy. Expectancy and hope brightened all objects, and our hearts were full when we met on the boat Comrade Larkin, who is one of the pioneers of the place and was returning to Home after doing some shopping in Tacoma. We had an enjoyable trip. Comrade Larkin, being thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the country, aided in making the trip as pleasant as it was. After a 5-hour trip we arrived at the landing of Home. My brother Joe was waiting for us, and, with the aid of the accommodating Larkin, we got ashore. You see when the boat leaves you on the float, which is anchored out from the shore, you have to get in a rowboat and row ashore. It was just getting dark when we got ashore, and we could barely make out the houses along the water front, with a gradual rising background of evergreen timber.

Joe took us to Mrs. Parker's house, as his own was not finished, and as we were walking along the homes of the different residents were pointed out to

Continued on page 4.

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THE CLERGY'S SILENCE.

In the San Francisco Call of Feb. 18
are these startling headlines:"Ministers of the gospel protest against
racetrack gambling and Chinese slavery
in the municipality."In no less than 13 churches of San
Francisco passionate denunciations of
the racetrack and of Chinese prostitu-
tion were thundered in the ears of their
respective congregations. Men and
women, and frequently the pastors
themselves, were moved to tears by the
honors so vividly painted by eloquent
tongues. The formation of a vigilance
committee was urged; that the female
slaves of Chinatown might be released
from their terrible life, and every min-
ister was of the solemn opinion that the
opening of Ingleside racetrack would
ruin horses, increase crime and cause
misery untold.Judging from the fact that one whole
page of the Call was devoted to a most
livid description of the energetic protests
of the reverends, one would naturally
suppose that a great crime against hu-
manity, which had been dragged into
notoriety by the actual eye witnesses of
the fiendish scenes, could not possibly
escape the notice, vigorous comments
and scathing rebuke of the men of God.What are the facts? While the pulpit
is hurling anathemas at divekeepers,
gamblers and liquorsellers, the daily
press teems with accounts of the horrors
perpetrated in China by an invading
horde of Christian brutes. The same
issue of the Call which publishes, un-
derneath its glaring headlines, the min-
isterial protest, contains on the editorial
page, in a modest and unassuming cor-
ner, where it will least attract, or offend,
the fastidious eye of the public, an arti-
cle entitled "Are We Head Hunters?"After stating that there had been re-
cent testimony of Americans in regard
to the outrages in China and the fiend-
ish methods of Christian soldiers, the
editor refers to the statement published
in the Fortnightly Review, incidents
that came under the personal observa-
tion of Sir Robert Hart, the English
commissioner of Chinese revenues, and
that were characterized as a system of
"butchery and outrage." Also that
when Mrs. Hart passed through San
Francisco several months ago she made
the same statements. Sir Robert avers
that the invasion of China has proved
that the "warriors of this century, with
all their wonderful discipline and up-to-
date weapons, can be as brutal as were
ever the savages of earlier times."In the Contemporary Review is printed
the account of Dr. J. E. Dillon who was
with the allied troops in the march on
Peking. He gives in detail the appalling
crimes he witnessed. Chinese girls and
women of all ages first outraged and
then bayoneted by the troops. He saw
three daughters of a Chinese of the
upper class subjected to treatment un-
speakable and afterward run throughwith bayonets by soldiers who represent
Christianity and civilization. It was
not long before these heathen women
began killing themselves to escape a
worse fate. Dr. Elliot says: "China
has her martyrs to chastity which no
martyrology will ever record. Peaceful
villagers were hewn to pieces after wit-
nessing indescribable conduct against
their wives and daughters."The editor of the Call truthfully re-
marks that it is not "pleasant to read or
publish such things; we have hoped that
the conscience of the country might be
quickened to its duty of protesting
against the shame that is put upon the
name of Christian civilization." Speak-
ing of the demand of the allies for the
execution of the Chinese rebels and
that, if they were allowed the privilege
of suiciding, the emperor must agree
that their heads must be carried on
poles and exhibited throughout China,
the Call says: "We are glad that no
similar enormity ever stained the black
record of any tribe of American Indians.
They were scalpers, but not head hun-
ters." If anything was needed to con-
firm an intelligent public in the opinion
that the clergy, as a class, are cowards
and hypocrites, their silence in the face
of the unspeakable atrocities committed
by the Christian allies in China would
be ample evidence. They helped to
loose the "dogs of war" on that hapless
country. Rapine, murder and pillage
were the distinguishing features of the
invasion, and while humanitarians of
every land are bitterly denouncing the
terrible cruelties inflicted on helpless
noncombatants, and demanding that
mercy and justice be given the so-called
political criminals of China, God's de-
puties in the meanwhile are throwing
dust in the eyes of a gullible public by
raiding saloons, condemning prostitutes
and shrieking over the dangers that may
arise from racetrack gambling or games
of chance. Thus do they pose as bul-
warks of morality, and every decency,
in spite of their criminal silence in re-
gard to the outrage and murder of men,
women and children in heathen lands.
From this it is safe to infer that a hea-
then has no rights which a minister feels
called upon to defend. The clergy, as a
class, beautifully illustrate the theory
of natural depravity. KATE AUSTIN.
Caplinger Mills, Mo.

GREAT LITERATURE—AND SMALL.

"Great literature," says Elbert Hub-
bard, "casts a purple shadow." Sure
enough. I never thought of it before,
but what other kind of a shadow does
the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" throw?
Writers of great literature, however,
are comparatively few and the world has to
put up with the writers of small litera-
ture, and it does—to an alarming extent.
Either these people have had their judg-
ment unbalanced by flattery or they pre-
fer present popularity for very mediocre
work to having future praises dimmed
into the dull, cold ear of death.I believe that more than half the time
the vanity of these writers has so in-
cessantly been wrought upon that they
get stuck on themselves.Take away the music of the rhythm
from Kipling's "Sergeant Whistname"
and what is left? Nothing but the un-
asked-for plea for the recognition of ser-
vices in licking a nigger into shape that
he may kill other niggers. The ser-geant has the most delightful fun all
through, and—virtue is its own reward.And so it is—all around. Ella Wheel-
er Wilcox wrote a poem once; it was
about a waltz, and it cast a purple shad-
ow. Since then I have seen nothing
but some very ordinary sentiment
worked up into some very elegant verse.
Oh, she writes beautifully of liberty, of
course, so they must all do; they don't
cut deep enough, however, to make the
man compeller cringe. Here is a little
poem by Ella:Words are great forces in the realm of
life,Be careful of their use. Who talks
of hate,Of poverty, of sickness, but sets rife
These very elements to mar his fate.When love, health, happiness and plenty
lie nearTheir names repeated over day by day,
They wing their way like answering fair-
ies near.Then nestle down within our homes to
stay.Who talks of evil conjures into shape
That formless thing and gives it life

and scope:

This is the law; then let no word escape
That does not breathe of everlasting
hope:What does it amount to? It is Chi-
nese in its conception and manufactures
a bugbear from nothing; it is an infer-
nal lie. But these people get so used to
talking to the kindergarten that any-
thing goes."Our John" writes poetry sometimes.
"Our John" is a Massachusetts state-
man of renown, and he is so much oc-
cupied with attending to the welfare of
the Filipinos that he gets very little
time to write verse. Or his Castilian
days may be one with those of Mr.
Hay's. I intended to quote the whole of
a little poem that he wrote for a relig-
ious paper, but I can't find it, and you
will escape. But, honest, it is very
prettily expressed. He wants to lie in
the arms of Jesus, out of the way of the
constant clash of creeds. I appreciate
the sentiment, but I fear the poem does
not shed a mauve umbrage. But once
in a while a fellow runs across some-
thing that begins to fan the air:Will be—and lead the nation on the last
of all your hosts to meet.And on your necks, your heads, your
crowns, will plant my strong, resist-
less feet!Avenger, liberator, judge—red battles
on my pathway hurled,
I stretch forth mine almighty arm till it
revivifies the world!See! the purple shadow scuds along
the wind. W. W. GORDAK.The government is having a hard time
getting 100,000 young men to volunteer
to go to shoot Filipinos at \$13 a month.
It does seem queer that so many men
should be needed to carry on a war that
was "over" more than a year ago, and
that was sure to collapse as soon as elec-
tion was decided. It begins to look as
though someone had been lying.—The
Independent.These particular griefs and crimes are
the foliage and fruit of such trees as we
see growing. It is vain to complain of
the leaf or berry; cut it off; it will
bear another just as bad. You must
begin your cure lower down.—Emerson.Countries are well cultivated; not as
they are fertile, but as they are free.—
Montesquien.

A PHASE OF DISCONTENT.

The enclosed reached me this morn-
ing. I should like to inform Mr. Nemo
that I am probably as "gray" as he is,
and also to ask him why he is so discon-
tented with my correct name as to give
me, unasked, another cognomen—dear
Jones. I know of no other way of reach-
ing him than by sending it to you to fill
a corner if you feel so disposed. Nemo
is evidently a reader of our paper, and
his communication is full of good points,
especially that in free America if a man
does not sneak he is pretty sure to be as
"poor as a rat." KINGHORN-JONES.My Dear Jones: I've read a good
deal of your writing, and admire your
slap-dash and fearless style, but a fellow
who writes as much as you do is bound
to write foolish things sometimes. Your
late fulmination at Arcola is proof to
me that you are off the track and upside
down. I have been all over that ground,
and am as poor as a rat today. It is a
very enjoyable position for a fellow who
has no family tugging at him; but I
question whether a man has a right to
beggar his own creations (children) by
shaking his fist in the face of even such
a damnable society as we exist in. But
that is not the point. I have discovered
that names and opinions are two very
different things in the realm of reason,
and that they should not be permitted
to mix. You seem to have hung tena-
ciously to the superstition that a name
will help an argument. I have grown so
radical that I'm almost persuaded that a
name should never accompany an essay.
It should add no force whatever to what
a man has to offer. Please think a little
on this line. Almost—a great majority
of people write solely for the purpose of
seeing their names in print. Just wait
till you grow as gray as I am and you'll
cool a little, I think. I am radical like
the devil; but it is useless for a fellow
to be too far ahead of the column. I've
been that way pretty much all my life.
If I had to do it over again I'd skirmish
a "leettle" closer to the main body; keep
in sight of it, at least. I've grown to
such a contempt for NAMES that if I were
publishing a paper I'd request every
contributor to leave off his name. Then
I'd be much more certain of SINCERE ut-
terances, and less egotism. Excuse this
"com." It is written in a great hurry
by a hired man who has very little time
of his own.Of the four great principles of the
Free Comrade the one most needing ex-
planation, perhaps, is variation, because
the newest and most original. Next to
coercion by force the worst form of gov-
ernment, today, is that public opinion
which requires conformity. Probably it
is even more fatal to human growth than
force, because so subtle, universal, con-
tinuous. To be "eccentric" and "pecu-
liar" is a stigma few can stand. Varia-
tion, then, is the principle opposed to
conformity. The public opinion of the
new society, instead of requiring men to
be alike, will especially applaud differ-
ence and encourage originality. The
more ways men look for truth the sooner
and surer will it be found; the greater
the variety of human life the greater its
interest and beauty. To permit and en-
joy variation, too, immeasurably in-
creases harmony. Government and con-
formity mean perpetual battle, but free-
dom and variation mean peace and sym-
pathy.—The Free Comrade.

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XXIX—Continued.

Then she heard "Mrs. McDonald, I am happy to meet you again," and saw Wentworth extend his hand to Mayme.

"Mr. Wentworth, my cousin Blossom," and at last the man stood before the woman whose pictured face haunted him, the face which was constantly before him, and he thought the picture did not do her justice—"she is a perfect creation."

Blossom welcomed him cordially and asked him if he would go to the house, as it was nearing their dinner hour. The three went to the house, where Mayme introduced Wentworth to Aunt Marian and Uncle Andrew. Then he was shown to his room, from whence he soon appeared in faultless attire. He was a man of the world and knew that these people were not the "clodhoppers" that Mayme had tried to make him believe. While he was taking his suit from the case he said to himself:

"I hope that Mayme will not spoil my chance; she is so horribly jealous I don't know what she might do. I'll have to keep in with her some way until I get Blossom. If I can keep her from telling on me, if I can keep her from talking till I'm married, then I'll be all right. Wouldn't the fellows laugh if they knew that I had at last found my fate? I, the heartsmasher."

And then he thought of the dainty flower that he had determined to win—"fair and lovely and as pure as an angel."

Ah, the same old story. The woman must be spotless; she must be pure; she must have no past, for a "woman with a past can have no future;" while he, the man, could be polluted, filthy and foul, his pathway could be strewn with broken hearts, wrecked hopes, ruined lives; that was to be expected, for he was a man, "but when I marry I must have a pure woman for my wife." Two codes of morals—one for the woman and an entirely different one for the man.

When Howard met Wentworth he greeted him coldly and looked angrily at Mayme. She turned her head and her black eyes grew defiant. Rollin and Jennie saw the little byplay and understood instantly the state of affairs. Howard could not hide his chagrin and anger. He had become more like the Howard of old—being with Andrew, the old associations, the congenial home life, the freedom from business worry, all aided him to obtain a happier frame of mind; and though Mayme was no more loving, still she treated him with more consideration than she had since their marriage, "and now," Howard muttered, "it is spoiled; that libertine is here, for what purpose I would like to know; for no good; of that I'm sure."

Wentworth talked with Rollin and with Uncle Andrew; had a compliment for the flowers, praised the fruit, the rich cream and delicate cake, but not falsely, he was too well bred for that. Though all the while he seemed perfectly at ease he was mentally taking note of everything that occurred, especially of Andrew Crawford, Jr. He had noticed the name when introduced and

said to himself: "He is not her brother. I'll look out for him." And later on: "He seems very attentive to Blossom. I'll soon put a stop to that. I wonder if all these people are related; nice kind of people, but there is something queer about them."

Before Wentworth went to his room he managed to assure Mayme of his continued admiration and to whisper "If that old watchdog of yours was away I'd come to you, I'm dying for you;" and Mayme believed him and her dislike for Howard increased until the dislike grew to hatred. When she and Howard were alone he gave his opinion of Wentworth and of her. He said he was going to expose the man.

"I don't know, Mayme," Howard continued, "what liberties he has taken with you. I have tried to think that you would not allow any except friendly attentions, but Wentworth's coming looks suspicious."

"Oh, do hush; to hear you talk one would think that you were a model of purity. I know that you are no better than other men, and all men have spots that had better be covered."

"Mayme, my past has nothing that I would want to hide. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed."

"Yes, to hear you tell it; but I know this for a dead certainty that if you didn't, you wanted to, and it is the wish that causes the deed. Oh, you can look horrified, if you want to, but I'll tell you, Howard McDonald, that I know enough of men to know that every man longs for physical pleasure. Some take it, and some don't—just because they don't dare. What great good is there in being good because you're a coward?"

And Mayme slammed the door and went to bed.

Howard groaned as he thought of the words of his wife. It was a new phase of character, and yet the words, rough and coarse as they were, held some truth and he winced as he thought them over, and said:

"What can I do? I believe I will go to Aunt Jennie; yet I don't want to parade my misery."

Then he remembered the time when Jennie and he had the long private talk and thought "What a fool I've been, but I wouldn't care so much if Wentworth was a decent fellow."

For several days Wentworth divided his time in such a way that Mayme could find no fault; he was too adroit to show any preference for Blossom, though his infatuation increased every day. One day he expressed a wish to visit a certain cave recently discovered on the uncleared part of the Glen. The men were all busy and Blossom said:

"I will drive over there, Mr. Wentworth, and as Mayme has not seen it she will like to go."

It was accordingly arranged, but Mayme, who had not been very well for two days, was compelled to go to bed with a sick headache. Blossom proposed putting off the trip, but Wentworth was afraid it would rain the next day, and was rather persistent, and said he would carry his sketch book and would need just such a light as they would have by the time they reached the Glen. He was elated; to have this peerless girl all alone with him was more than he hoped for. He could be very entertaining, as he was well educated and had traveled considerable. Blossom had paid but lit-

tle attention to him, she considered him a friend of Howard and Mayme and treated him politely. They talked of various subjects and Wentworth was charmed with her knowledge and general intelligence. The conversation drifted to love, and he asked her opinion.

"I think there are as many kinds of loves as there are peoples," answered Blossom; "everyone loves differently, but it all eventually culminates in the 'Grande Passion.'"

Wentworth was astonished at the thought expressed so plainly, but answered gravely:

"You seem to understand something of this subject."

"Yes; I suppose every person who has reached the age of discretion knows something of love, both by experience and observation."

"I agree with you, Miss Blossom; perhaps you will agree with Shelley when he said 'the wise want love, and those who love want wisdom.'"

"No," said Blossom laughingly, "it is not fools only who love, the wise love also; in fact, we show our wisdom when we love, for life is love, love is life."

Wentworth had not intended any premature declaration, but no time could be more opportune, and almost before he was aware of it he was telling her of his love. He told her how he had loved the pictured face, how he had asked Mrs. McDonald to procure him an invitation to the farm, and added:

"I do not ask you for an answer now, but just tell me, do you think you could love me—could learn to love me enough to marry me? Do you think I may hope that some day you will be mine?"

He anxiously awaited her reply.

"Mr. Wentworth, I think that a woman is honored when a man loves her, just as a man is honored when a woman loves him, but I could not bid you hope, for I will never be yours, I will never marry you."

"Oh, Blossom, do not say that, can I do nothing to gain you?"

"Mr. Wentworth, you surely do not understand me. No, I do not love you, but if I did I would not marry you."

Wentworth's face showed his anger as he said:

"On account of my past? Who has been telling you? Blossom, I swear they were not pure girls."

"Mr. Wentworth, I know nothing of your past, but from what you say I am led to believe that in your love affairs you have either chosen loves beneath you or you have very peculiar ideas of right and wrong."

"I do not understand you."

"You said they were not pure girls; were they not as pure as yourself?"

"But, Blossom, I am a man."

"And because you are a man you have a right to be impure, and when you find a woman whom you think worthy of becoming your wife you slander the girls who gave themselves to you. It always takes two, and I fail to see why the female is more impure than the male."

Noting his look of astonishment, Blossom told him plainly of the radical ideas of the Fairview family and further said:

"The social system is all wrong, and sexual slavery is the worst slavery, and that is what it means in nine cases out of ten when a man asks a woman to marry him."

Such talk was new to Wentworth;

such subjects had never been discussed except behind closed doors, and with sneers, and to have a lovely girl speak thus plainly and openly was startling. They had seated themselves near the cave, and as Wentworth watched Blossom as she talked he thought:

"Well, she isn't the pure girl I thought she was; if I can have her without marrying her, and that is what she means, evidently, it suits me all right; I'm her man."

Blossom thought she had made herself understood and then said:

"I do not wish to offend you, but I thought it best to make my principles known to you."

"That's all right, Blossom. Now I understand you. That just suits me."

But Blossom saw that he had misunderstood her, and her look of amazement was so evidently genuine that Wentworth felt that he had made a mistake and said:

"Well, you gave me to understand that you believed in love without marriage."

"Mr. Wentworth, I do not know how I can make my meaning clear to you. Because I said I was a free woman does not mean that I am free to every man. It is difficult in one afternoon to give you our ideas. Your life has been so different, your ideas so foreign to mine, that I will not attempt to explain what I know are vital truths. Papa can make these things plain, for he and mama have taught me."

"Your father and mother? Are they not married?"

"No, if by marriage you mean having a man say a few words that binds them so closely that it is hard to unbind."

"Oh, they live in prostitution."

The tone in which these words were spoken was indescribable, but Blossom answered quietly:

"There is prostitution both in and out of marriage; a loveless embrace, a loveless union is prostitution, it matters not how many, nor how solemn, the ceremonies preceding. This is a new view of the subject and you doubtless think it very strange for a woman to talk so plainly. I am aware that I am treading on what the world at large calls forbidden ground. But if you remain here long, and are honest and honorable, you will find that all questions are asked and answered openly. You will find that there are no subjects tabooed, that there is nothing in nature that is impure or immoral. I would much rather that you would talk to papa or mama about these things, for they are better able to explain them clearly. They have made a life-long study of these vital questions. Mr. Wentworth, you have seen and talked with mama, what do you think of her?"

"That she is one of the sweetest, purest, truest women I have ever met," he answered gravely.

"And yet," continued Blossom, "she and papa were never married and I am their daughter. Aunt Ida and Uncle James have not been married and Andrew is their son. I see that you are surprised. There are so many things to explain that I will not attempt to do it this afternoon, but Mr. Wentworth it hurt me for you to think that"—and Blossom's face flushed and her blue eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Miss Blossom, do forgive me. I am so mortified, so ashamed, can you forget? Can you forgive?"

"Let it pass, Mr. Wentworth, you did not understand. But it is time to return home."

(To be continued.)

FROM ONE OF THE DISCONTENTED.

Continued from page 1.

us. Right in front of where we landed is M.V. Dadisman's house and the storehouse. To the right are the Thornhill, Fox, Burton, and Miles residences; to the left is our friend Larkin's house, a 2-story building, with a couple of fir stumps in front of it that would make anybody think twice before tackling them. Immediately to the left of Larkin's has just been built a house for Mrs. Waisbrooker, editor of "Clothed With the Sun," that invaluable ally in our battle for freedom. This house was put up almost entirely by voluntary labor. I later found. Next is the residence of the Adams and Minor family, to the members of which I have become so much attached. (That friendship alone was a sufficient reason for staying at Home.) Next comes the Penballow house, in which the postoffice is located. Allen's large and roomy home comes next, and the Verity home fills up the space between Allen's and Mrs. Parker's houses. Mrs. Parker's house would make quite a showing in any community, and is just as neat and comfortable as anyone would want to have it. It stands about 100 feet from the front fence and on a hill so that its spacious windows have a real fine view all around and over the bay. We were met by Mrs. Parker and her daughter, Mrs. Mellinger, who is one of the two teachers in the Home school. Truly, a most hearty welcome was given us and we felt at home from the first. After a much-needed supper, and a couple of hours of very interesting converse, we were shown to our room for the night.

It all seemed to me as if it was a dream, not reality, and I asked myself is it possible that I am at last in a place where I shall be able to live my own life; where conventional society has lost its iron grip on me; where there will be no hypocrisy nor deceit because not necessary; no lies told for the sake of gain; where each one can live to the benefit of his or her own self, and at the same time to the benefit of all—not harming any, and where everybody else around at the same time desires the betterment of all and feels concern in each and all, and this not only in form but in fact; a place where one can have liberty of action providing no harm to others is wrought. In fact, a place where one can indeed be an Anarchist. These were my thoughts while getting ready for my night's rest, and as I felt myself being carried into the world of slumber I could feel my lips move as if to say: It seemeth that I have, indeed, reached HOME!

LOUIS HAIMAN.

OBSERVATIONS.

I have been enjoying the weekly visits of DISCONTENT and been hoping to get time to write something for it.

It is one of the greatest outrages among the many that Comrade Govan was arrested and fined. I believe it ought to teach us to stand closer together. Every dollar of that fine should be made up to the Home people.

The articles by Kate Austin and Lizzie Holmes regarding the deceased queen meet my hearty approval. All this catering to royalty, as evidenced by Markham and others, is proof of the subserv-

ency of the majority of the race to the few who sit in high places. Let the thing go on; the faster it goes the sooner will come the reaction.

I have met very few radicals in Kansas City. Dr. Roberts, minister to the "Church of this World," has a large following, and the Doctor seems to grow broader with years. Mrs. Roberts occupied the rostrum during her talented husband's, and for several Sundays gave most excellent addresses.

The Socialists have headquarters here and do some educational work. There are so many theatres and concert halls in a city like this it is most difficult to get an audience out for any real educational work.

I hope the radicals everywhere will stand by the colonists in their efforts to establish a self-supporting community and to publish the paper in the interest thereof.

MYRA PEPPER.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

L. F. Odell spent a day here last week.

Bertha Stocker was the guest of the Verity family one day last week.

Charles Ingalls, who purchased the Kelly place adjoining us, is here busy clearing for spring crops.

We are having a "measly" time here just now. A few cases of measles on docket with several exposures to hear from.

Our literary was postponed last week from Thursday to Saturday evening on account of the expected visit of friends from Arletta, but they did not come. We are sorry, as they missed a royal good time. We hope they will not disappoint us next time.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on Von Geldern Cove (known locally as Joes Bay), an arm of Carrs Inlet, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 80 people here—22 men, 22 women and 36 children—girls over 15 years 5, boys 3. We are not living communistic, but there is not anything in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

RECEIPTS.

Zink \$2, Thrapp \$1, Ebel 50c, Martina 50c, Bryan 25c, Wheeler 25c, McMurphy 25c.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

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Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1896, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

- First: To person named in will or bequest.
- Second: Wife or husband.
- Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.

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